

CADET STORIES.

How the Game Was Won.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK,
Author of "When the Heart Is Young."

THE football game stood 5 to 0 in favor of the Anderson High School and the first half was over. Moreover, ten Byok, the cadets' crack halfback, had been hurt five minutes after the start of the game and was forced to retire in favor of a substitute. The Academy's prospects began to look black. And this was the star game of the year, on the winning of which the corps' heart was set. The High School and the Academy were old rivals, between whom fortune had divided her favors pretty equally. In consequence each institution had made strenuous efforts to bring its team to the highest point of efficiency possible. So confident were the Anderson boys of victory that their captain had openly boasted that he would "wipe up the earth" with the cadets. And in a sense he was making good his threat, for was it not practically the same to be beaten 5 to 0 as 50 to 0? Certainly the bitterness of defeat could not be added to this. This was true in regard to the feelings of Henry Haswell, at least, as he trudged monotonously up and down beneath the trees in dress suit and with musket over his shoulder. For the first time Henry was on the fourth delinquency, and he was therefore forced to walk guard during the four hours of Saturday afternoon. And for the first time he was to have played halfback in the game that afternoon. It seemed almost beyond the limit of self-control not to throw down his musket and rush into the struggle which was taking place under his eyes.

"Step up there more lively, Mr. Haswell!" came the strident voice of "Slouchy" George Morely, the instructor in chemistry and the man responsible for Henry's present predicament. Some member of the third class had left the water running in the chemical laboratory, to the consequent damage of the room, and as Henry had been the last in the place he was held responsible. Wherefore he was now parading up and down on his endless course, instead of helping to stem the tide of defeat.

"Confound Haswell!" growled Garibaldi, the Irish captain of the team, whose real name was Murphy. "Why couldn't he wait till we didn't need him to get into trouble?"

At that moment sounded the referee's whistle for the renewal of the game, and shedding sweaters and military cloaks, the two teams trotted out on to the field. The halves were of only thirty minutes duration, so that but little time remained for the cadets to overcome their opponents' lead.

"Follow her up now lively, boys!" cried "Garibaldi," and taking two or three steps forward, he sent the ball spinning over the heads of the opposing team to their 25-yard line. A cheer went up from the breathlessly watching corps, but before it had ceased to echo the Anderson fullback had caught the ball and was speeding back toward the center of the field. Nor was he downed until he had carried it nearly to the point from which "Garry's" toe had raised it. Then began a stubborn fight for its possession. By dint of herculean efforts the High School boys managed to gain the five yards necessary before their third down, only, however, to lose the ball on a fumble on the next scrimmage. "Garry" then attempted to run around the left end, but was downed in his tracks so hard by the opposing captain that for several minutes he saw nothing but stars. And then ensued one of the most inexplicable "slumps" in the cadets' playing, to which even the most perfectly trained teams are liable. The Anderson boys fairly rushed the ball down the field.

"Oh my! Oh my!" sighed Henry, unconsciously stopping to watch the struggle. "What a lot of duffers!"

"Come, move along there, Mr. Haswell!" and with a groan Henry took up the weary march.

"Fifteen minutes still to play!" announced the umpire. And the ball was on the cadets' 30-yard line.

"Come, brace up, boys, brace up!" cried "Garry," in the hope of stiffening the resistance, and the High School attempt to break the line was a failure.

"Once more and we've got 'em!" Nevertheless the enemy succeeded in gaining the coveted yards. Thirteen minutes to play, and the ball on the cadets' fifteen-yard line!

"Move on, Mr. Haswell!" At that moment the two teams clashed in a furious struggle, and when at last they separated one of the cadets was seen lying on the ground.

"Time!" cried the umpire, and "Garry" picked up the wounded soldier in his brawny arms and carried him off the field. "Garry! Garry!" said a timid voice at his elbow, and a hand plucked his sleeve.

He's black in a pot in the sea; In a pot on land, red is he.

WILLARD
BONTE

The answer to this riddle is something you nearly all like to eat. You will find it hidden in several places in the picture. Mark the answers, cut out the pictures and send it to Box 2,000, Station E, New York city. Twenty boxes of paints and twenty sewing sets will be given as prizes.

As he arose from depositing the injured player on an outspread coat.

"Well, what is it?" impatiently inquired the Irishman as he turned to face McChesney, the boy whom Shorty Carson and his friends had taught a much needed lesson in values.

"With difficulty McChesney stammered a scarcely audible sentence into 'Garry's' ear.

"What's that?" cried the astounded individual. "You come over to 'Slouchy' George with me this instant!" and grabbing the frightened boy by the collar he hustled him across the field on a dead run to where the delinquents were marching up and down.

"Professor," he panted, when they stood before the chemistry instructor, "this man says Haswell didn't leave the water turned on; he was the one."

"Is that so, McChesney?" asked the teacher, sharply.

"Yes, sir," replied McChesney. "I did it, but I couldn't bear to see the game lost, so I owned up to it."

"You are excused, Mr. Haswell. Report to your room under arrest, McChesney."

"Quick, hustle into your football clothes!" cried "Garry," giving Henry an unnecessary shove toward quarters. "I'll hold the game till you get back if I have to catch the mumps to do it."

Five minutes later Henry trotted out on to the field in place of the injured player, and the battle was on again.

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! L. C. M. A.!" Haswell!" shouted the corps as the ball was snapped back and tossed into the eager hands of the new halfback.

Forward he shot as though projected out of a catapult, but like a pack of hounds the opposing team was upon him, and he was downed with a gain of only one yard.

Another trial, and two more yards was secured.

"Ten minutes still to play!" announced the umpire. And the ball was still in the cadets' territory.

"Five, six, nine, three!" cried the quarterback, and the next moment the ball was tossed to "Garry" for a kick. But one of the enemy broke through and he was downed before he could raise his foot. Eight yards had been lost!

The corps yelled encouragingly, but every one felt that the game had been lost.

"We've done you this time, Lansing!" cried the opposing captain in premature exultation.

"Seven, eight, five, two!" cried the quarterback before the astonished visitors, who had already relaxed their efforts, realized that the scrimmage had been formed, and a moment later Henry held the ball safely tucked away under his left arm.

"Five minutes to play!"

"There he goes! Knock him over, Haswell! Good boy! Great!" shrieked the on-lookers in an ecstasy of excitement as Henry went speeding down the field, dashing aside greedy hands that sought to pull him down. He had now reached the enemy's twenty-five yard line, and but one man remained to pass. But from behind came the sound as of a galloping horse, and he nervously glanced over his shoulder. Not a yard behind him came a pursuing figure—the redoubtable Simmons, the fastest man on the other team. Could he outrun him for the short distance still remaining? But there was another danger to be met—the figure crouching for him ten feet in front of the goal posts, ready to pull him to earth. Gritting his teeth and assuming a cannibalistic expression of countenance, Henry dashed straight at the waiting tackle as though intending to rush directly into his arms. But suddenly, just as the collision seemed inevitable, he swerved sharply to the right and the hand that sought to stay his progress went harmlessly scratching and clawing down his canvas sleeve. A second later Henry was brought to earth with a thud beneath the weight of the pursuing Simmons; but too late—the goal line had been crossed and the touchdown secured!

"One minute more to play!"

"Quick to your places!" cried the lad, as he rushed back to the field with the ball and threw himself on the ground to hold it for a kick.

"A little more to the left—that's it!" said "Garry," and the ball sprang from his toe and went sailing through the air.

"Oh!" went up in chorus from a hundred surcharged breasts.

"Time!" cried the referee.

The next moment pandemonium broke loose. The game had been won by a single point!

PRIZES FOR FUNNY STORIES
AND PICTURES.

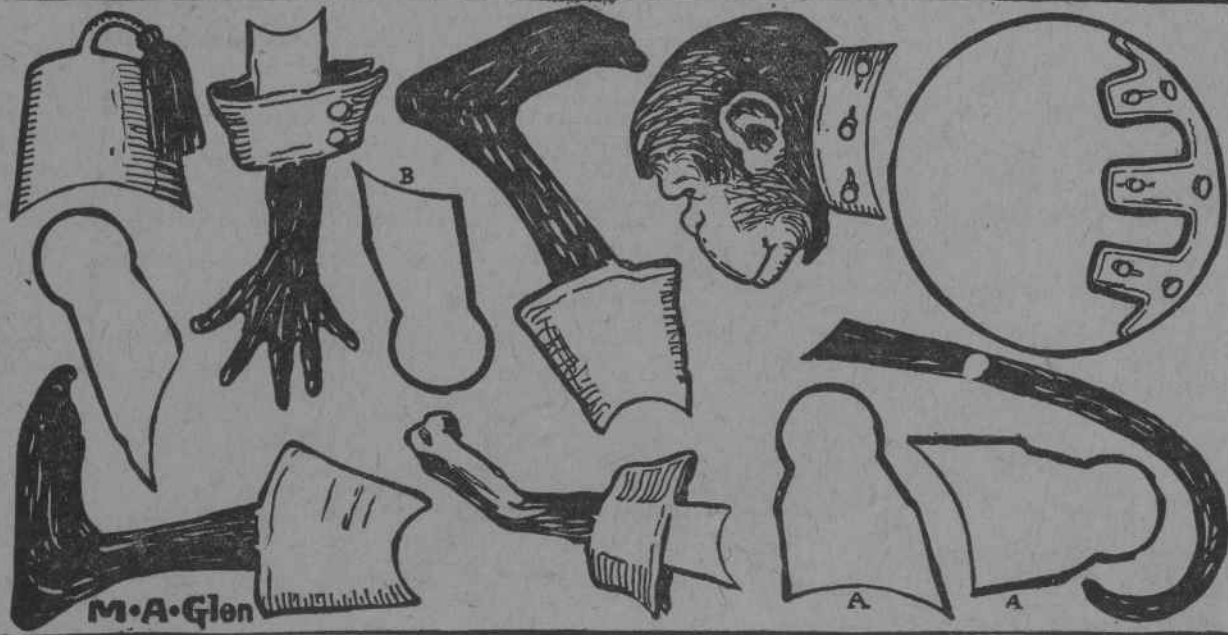
Vacation is almost over, and the boys and girls will be coming back to their homes with brown faces and hard muscles and all kinds of stories about exciting adventures and funny incidents. The HERALD would like to have you tell the most thrilling or the most amusing thing that happened during your vacation. Don't write more than five hundred words, but make it so interesting that every one who reads it will wish there were more. For the best story the HERALD will pay \$5 and for the next best \$3.

Some of you made pictures while you were away. If you have anything unusually striking or laughable or peculiar, whether a photograph or drawing, send it to the HERALD. A prize of \$3 will be given for the best picture and \$2 for the second best. Address Box 2,000, Station E, New York city.

UNCONSCIOUS MOVEMENTS.

Slit a match at the end which has no phosphorus on it and cut another one on the blunt. Place one within the other so as to form an acute angle, and bend them both slightly. Put the joined matches astride the blade of a knife held in your hand, leaning your hand heavily upon the table. Be careful to allow the phosphorus ends only lightly to touch the table, but on no account move them away from the surface. To your astonishment the matches will begin to march along the blade. This is due to the unconscious movements of your hand, movements invisible both to yourself and to spectators. Make the experiment more attractive by painting a place of paper to represent a man and attaching it to the matches.

HOW TO MAKE A PERFORMING MONKEY.



Cut out the pieces and put them together so as to make a trick monkey, which can be changed into a great many different positions, the parts still fitting perfectly. The pieces marked A are the upper joints of the legs, that marked B the upper joint of the right arm, that marked C the upper joint of the left arm. Paste the monkey on a cardboard background in the position you think funniest and paint attractively. For the best monkeys the Herald will give choice of games or color outfits. Address Box 2,000, Station E, New York city.



Three big dolls and three little girls you see.
Which are alive and which only make believe to be?

THE SHOW



To ten boys and girls who can tell what show this is and the names of the exhibits a box of writing paper, a jewelled pencil or a game will be sent. Address Box 2,000, Station E, New York city.